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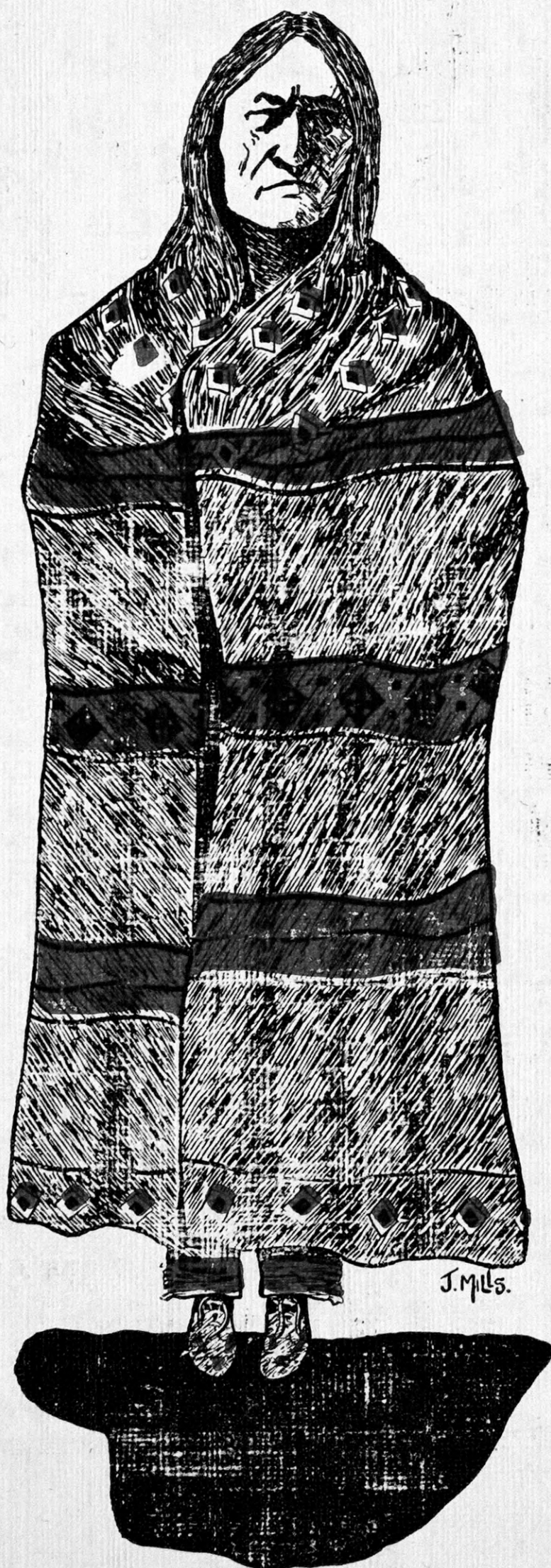
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THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY
OF MONTANA



MAY
1906



Newness of Style Fineness of Fabric Skill in Tailoring Lowness of Price

These are the four cardinal points of our clothes compass. They have been the means of breaking hundreds of men away from the costly custom tailors. Everything is in favor of our clothing—utmost styles, fabrics in latest colors, patterns and weaves and the best tailoring.

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PREMIER CLOTHES

Are Easily
the Best
of the Best



Besides carrying an immense stock of ready-made clothing ample for all ordinary requirements, we make a specialty of furnishing specially made clothes. Our special order department guarantees satisfaction and the most for the money. *Frat fellows, remember this.*

All the Accessories to Correct Dress Are Here, Too

MISSOULA MERCANTILE COMPANY

THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

Volume 9

MAY, 1906

Number 8

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Edited and Published by the Students of the
University of Montana

Direct all correspondence to Circulation Manager

Entered in the Postoffice at Missoula, Montana,
as second class matter

Hassler Bros.  Missoula, Mont.

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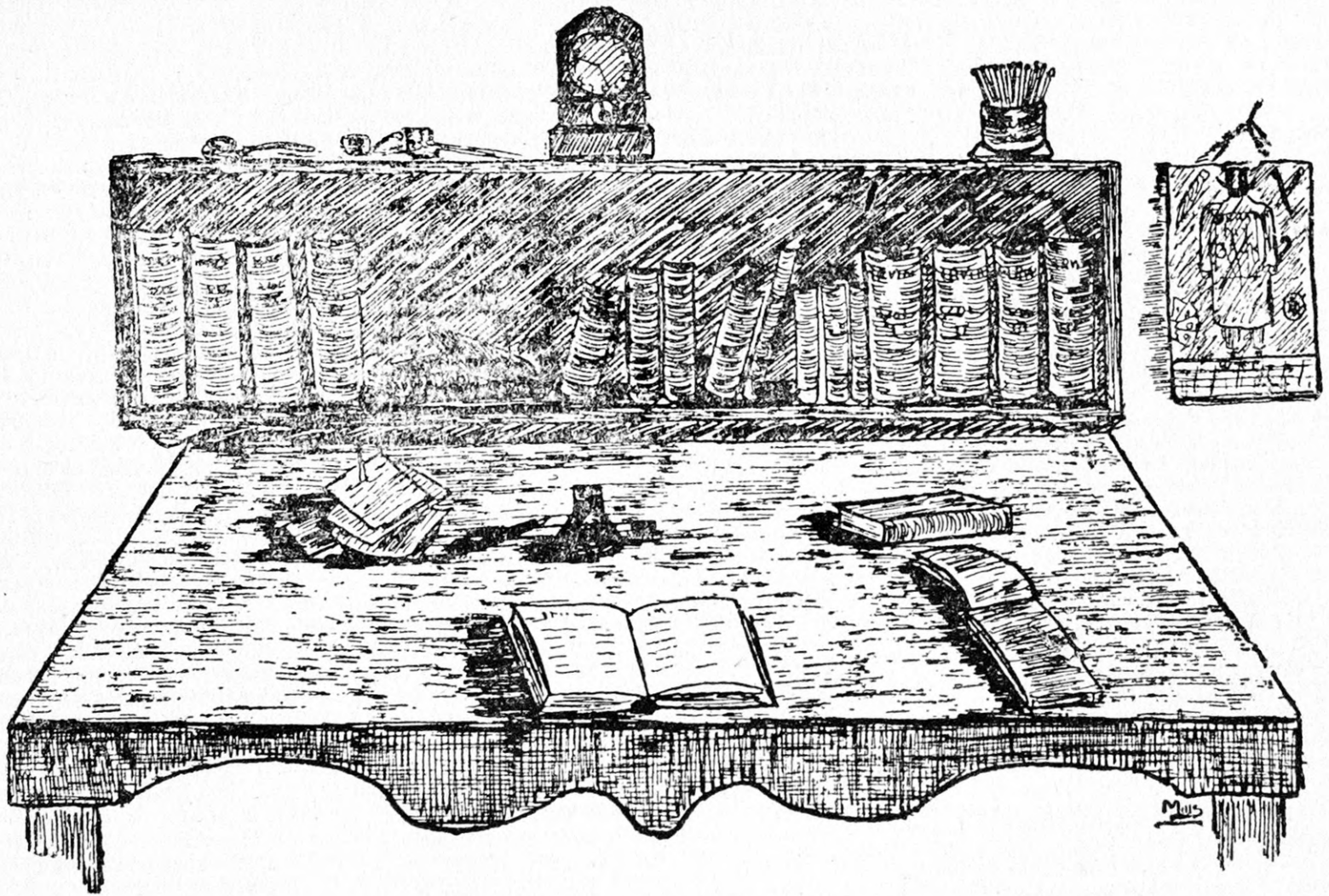
THE KAIMIN

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

Vol. 9

MAY, 1906

No. 8



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Editors: Maud Burns

Joseph W. Streit

Resignation

Ab! the rain in doleful tears
From the heavens is wrung
Like the grief of childhood fears
When the year is young.
But the snow in silent psalm
From the clouds will unfold,
Like the sigh of ages' calm
When the year is old.

—F. A. W.

A Day and Its Destiny

"This heat is stifling," exclaimed George Alden wiping his dark flushed face.

"Awfully depressing," yawned Florence Wood, picking up a broken firecracker that the children had dropped on the lawn, and making a "fiz" of it. "Even firecrackers are neglected today, it is so hot." Why doesn't it rain? Minnesota hasn't seen a drop of rain for months and months."

"Miss Florence, Maud is serving the children ice cream on the side porch. Let me bring you some."

Florence dreamily leaned against the tree, watching him as he hastened to please her. As George neared the porch a little voice piped out, "Oh, Mr. Alden I got a secret to tell 'ou—somefin' 'ou musn't tell, cause Florence tol' me not to tell. I was up in the big tree jus' 'bout dark las' night an' sister Florence and Mister Grapp sat down on the bench right under me. I kept jus' as still an' what do you fink! I heard Florence tell him she didn't love him! An' he looked as if he felt so bad. I was so sorry I hollered, 'never min' Mister Grapp, I do, evern'd ever so much. As much—oh, as much as I can hold.'" And she stretched out her little fat arms.

A smile twinkled in George's eyes, as he took the cream back to Florence. After a little silence he called her attention to the lake. "See its clear, cool blueness, not a cloud reflected in it, not a ripple stirring, not even a bass flapping. Look at that tempting shade made by the over hanging bank. Shall we try it, Miss Florence?"

She spoke not a word; picked up her broad sun hat, and they strolled down the path to the boathouse.

"There goes Will Grapp," remarked George.

And Florence with a shade of annoyance in her usually bright face looked around to see Will wandering slowly alone along the beach, with a case, probably his kodak, or perhaps the spy glass through which he and she, yesterday, had been searching the farther shores. He kicks a stone here and flicks a fly or a mosquito there with a branch he has broken. His hat is pulled down low to shut out the glaring sunlight. He frowns at the singing of a bird, he thinks it too shrill; the laughter carried to him from the numerous boaters, strikes a discord in his ears. From a neighboring tree a crow flies, filling the air with its discordant "Caw! caw! caw!"

“Nature sympathetic with man!” he mutters. “It’s all bosh! Huh, I suppose George and Florence have been reading poetry and all that trash, this afternoon’ I used to waste time just so. Nature’s harmony. Rather mockery.” And he trudges on moodily for some time until overcome with heat he wearily throws himself to rest, upon a ledge of rock, checkered green and white with dry mold. Had nature forgotten to breathe, or was she holding it in dread suspense at fear of approaching doom? A snake gilded toward the water over the baked and cracking earth, rustling the withered grass and the prematurely seared leaves. On one side of him rose the sombre headland all shrouded in seething seaweed, dripping and clinging like locks of a drowned woman in sunken ships. Before him stretched the restless sands of the beach, where ’mongst pearly shells and drying clams lay bones bleaching beneath a blood red sun. No beauty! Only the dying and the dead! Dead! Ah, the world was dying, the wreck of a paradise! Oh, the bitter loneliness! Oh, the bitter anguish in a burning heart and brain, the agony of pent up tears! He gazed at the heavens, they burned into his soul. Yes, tears were there, but they would not flow!

A dark cloud steals up from the northern horizon, looming threateningly. Suddenly there is a roar through the tree tops and a storm in all its fury bursts upon him. But he welcomes it; his heaving soul and the heaving lake are in harmony; the flashing lightning and the crashing thunder are like his seething brain. Suddenly he gasps “The flowers! where are they?” In an instant he has his spy glass up. Dimly through the storm he sees a capsized boat; two people are clinging to it; one a woman. “Florence!” He must save her! He hesitates. George is with her; he will leave George to save her if he can. But George has no chance. Love and revenge fight an awful battle in his heart. Then with white set face he determines to save them both.

But some one else has seen them. The boatman is now trying to reach them, but the waves are nearly four feet high. Vainly his massive muscles drive the oars against them. Where is now his boasted mastery of the waves? He turns back but does not give up. With confidence he tries his little electric launch. But the wind in greater fury drives it back.

Mr. Grapp sees the boatman’s failures. He knows the northside is the usual picnic grounds, and there must be some anchored boats there, and as the storm is coming from the north, he could reach the

sinking man and woman from that side by riding with the waves. As the thought strikes him he starts on a run following the shore to the north side. The recklessness of a three mile race with the possibility that no one has landed or the boats have all broken their fastenings, does not occur to him, but with the intensity of purpose he rushes on, combating the savage passion of the elements.

When he pauses a moment to gain breath, he sees one little row boat the only one remaining on shore. Wrenching it loose, he drags it to the water and with a masterly stroke, sends it out. The wind is at his back impelling him forward, but all his skill is needed to keep the tiny row boat from capsizing in the deep troughs.

Meanwhile, George and Florence clinging to the over turned boat are lashed about in the cold water. Once they lose the boat and go under. George, as he comes up, grasps somethings and finds it to be Florence's dress and pulls her to him. With one hand he seizes the end of the boat as a huge wave hurls it past them. Death is in the minds of both, but something more in George's. An unutterable longing to know whether Florence's heart holds any love for him. In that awful moment he asks for the revelation of her heart. She cannot now show any affected surprise, any coquettish sulkiness, any teasing indifference, but meets him soul to soul. The storm to them loses its fierceness; the raging waves sing a siren's melody. Death seems but the blending of souls.

"Hello!" comes faintly to them, borne on the wind.

"Help!" George answers with all the force of his fast failing strength. In a moment more Will's boat reaches them.

By the warm fireside surrounded by watchful friends, all night long in delirious dreams, the storm raged for Florence, although the moon shone o'er a scene whose calmness reflected only the serenity the heavens. Once George heard her murmur, "No, Will, I do not love you."

—F. A. W



How the Lumberjack Broke the Faro Bank

Place—Missoula, Montana. To be more exact, Reinhardt's store on Main street. Time, any old year about June the first.

The ruddy rays of the setting sun slid gently over the opposite house tops and cast a shadow which blended harmoniously with the brown floor and hardware surroundings.

School had closed for the year and as there was nothing doin'. I was whiling away the time over a pipe of good tobacco. as the German says, "Und nicht zu suchen das war mein sinn." I puffed and thought and thought some more for want of something else to do. How would I spend the summer vacation? What were the prospects of a track team for next season? I also selected a football team, then I watched the clerk in charge bending over his book. This called my attention to a new comer, who was standing near the sporting goods counter, looking intently into the case filled with guns. I decided at once that he was a lumberjack. He was above the average in weight and had massive shoulders and a deep chest, his loosely fitting mack-inaw clothing gave him the appearance of a much larger man than he really was. He wore high heavy shoes which were still corked. This reminded me that the rear of the big Blackfoot drive was just coming into Bonner. But perhaps he was from the Nine Mile or probably from the Bitter Root. I grew curious and drawing near I ventured, "Hello, fellow, been on the drive." He turned a pair of dissipated eyes towards me and answered, "Yes, I been in two days." "From the Nine Mile" I asked. "No, on the Blackfoot."

He didn't seem talkative and my mind wandered again. The picture of a driving camp came before me. For a time I saw nothing but coils of cable, stacks of cant hooks and bateaux full of men, among the grinding logs in the rushing river. By this time the riverman had taken out his pipe and the scent of the inevitable Peerless, the strongest tobacco in the world, floated through the room. He turned partly toward me and said "Kid, do you ever gamble?" I answered in the negative. "Never do it," he said. I at once became curious again and asked him to tell me his experience.

He was a little the worse for bad whiskey but he willingly launched into his tale.

"You see," he said, "I have been on the drive for over ninety days and had about three hundred dollars when I blew into Missoula. There was nothing to do for an old stiff like me but to drink and that is what I proceeded to do. When I got a few shots into me I sat in a faro game and won from the first. Soon my pile increased to five hundred. I quit and cashed in my chips and went out to lunch. Then I smoked a cigar and went back. This time I played the roulette and my good luck seemed to continue. I soon tired of this and went back to faro again. Again I won and the dealer changed decks. I kept winning and he used another deck. My pile had now swelled to nearly one thousand dollars. Finally he excused himself and went over to the bar and ordered a drink. Then he asked me to join him.

I took a drink and went back to the game. Soon I became drowsy and the last I remember I dropped my arms by my side knocking my chips to the floor. I had no idea how long I slept but when I awoke I was in a dark room with no knowledge whatever of my direction. I began to feel about and finally found the door. Then I thought of my roll and found it was gone. I tried the door but it was locked. I jerked with all my strength but to no avail. At last I hurled myself against it and snapped the lock. Then I noticed I was again in the saloon where I had played faro; the room was dimly lighted and in the shadow near the wall I saw the forms of two of my comrades dead to the world and probably as well off financially as was I, although the day before they had cashed checks of near four hundred dollars each. With the exception of these the room was deserted. The roulette table looked so lonesome. Where the money had jingled last evening everything was as silent as death. My gambling thirst was again aroused and I dug into my pockets searching for a coin. My heart went out in sympathy to the ghastly slot machines which had helped to ruin me and many others. At last my vision rested on the deserted faro tables. The dealers empty chair filled me with hatred, then I thought of the evening before. The slick looking gambler behind the table, deftly dealing the cards. How he had changed decks when his luck seemed to fail him. How he arose and walked around his chair and stacked his checks differently. Once a Chinaman had come in and stood behind him and as he still lost he told the "chink" to get away from him. His suspiciousness and cleverness were characteristic of the professional. My picture of him clearly watching the cards under his eye shade made me furious. He had doped me and taken my money. I became dizzy in my head and began to whirl.

I wanted to get out of the room reeking with tobacco and the odor of whiskey and beer. I staggered through the door into the still moonlight. The streets were deserted and I wandered aimlessly, looking always for the trim man with the flashy red neck tie and large diamond stud. I did not feel hungry nor thirsty although I had eaten nothing since the noon before. The thought of whisky made me sick. I wandered about walking up and down the streets and through dark alleys, vaguely aware that I was alive, a caring less. At last I came to a park and dropped wearily into a seat. The first streaks of dawn were appearing over the top of the Bitter Root mountains. I became philosophical. I asked myself "what is life any how? Some one had said it was an empty dream. At first I thought he had hit the nail on the head. Afterwards I came to the conclusion that life had been a nightmare. By now it was broad daylight and seeing a cop coming I got up and began to walk again, and soon passed a small saloon. Then the old thirst for whiskey came over me and could not resist. I knew I had no money but did not care. I went in and called for a drink and he set a bottle before me. I filled the glass and swallowed it at one gulp. I filled it again and refilled it. Then he took the bottle away from me saying "you better pay up old man." I told him I was broke and he cursed me and told me to get out and before he called a cop. I looked at him hazily and told him to do it. He saw there was no use and I walked out again into the morning's sunlight. I walked and walked, thinking of nothing but the man with the red necktie. The whiskey had stimulated my nerves and I no longer felt sick. But still dizzy and my sight was blurred. The streets were becoming crowded again and cabs and drays were flying busily to and fro. Once I thought I sighted my man with the red necktie but lost him again in the crowd in front of an old building. I noticed the building and found it to be the morgue. I went in and saw some people standing around six lifeless figures on the floor. I looked closely and found that they were lumberjacks. Their faces were scratched beyond recognition and their clothes torn to shreds; one had a mangled hand and another one's leg was entirely torn away. Their clothes were still wet crimsoned with blood. I heard the coroner saying: "The jury returns the verdict that these men found in the Missoula river have met their death by the accidental explosion of powder on a log jam above Bonner." I knew I ought to sympathize with these men who were probably my comrades and friends, or as much so as lumberjacks are capable of being. But my soul was dead.

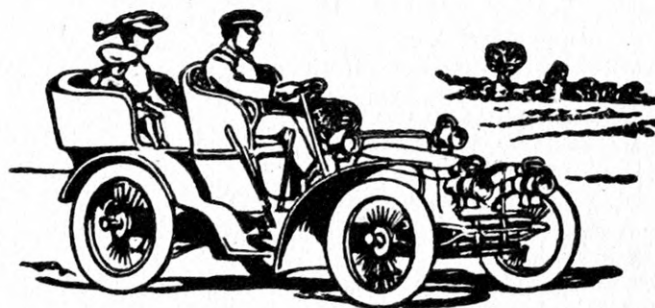
I cared for nothing but booze and had no object in life but to find the man with the red tie and then to kill him in as horrible manner as possible. I passed out thinking only a few lumberjacks gone anyway. Who cares? I almost envied the poor stiff on the floor. It would all be over then. Nothing to do but lay and rot, for I had forgotten that there ever was a God and could not believe in the immortality of the soul. I wandered on. Now and then I saw a police but instinct steered me away from him. Finally I dropped in there and seeing these guns I was contemplating suicide when you spoke to me. "Do you go to school, kid?" he asked. I told him yes. He said, "So did I once to Yale. I know you won't believe me but nevertheless its true. I have rowed, put the shot and fought like a demon on the gridiron. How I remember the last big race between Yale and Harvard. I was out of the crew on account of strained muscle. I remember how they rounded the point one half mile from the goal. I can see them bending to and fro, pulling every pound that God will let them. On they come I can hear the coxswain counting.

His very soul seemed to be back in that shell again. He jumped up, watching intently, excitedly crying 'Come on fellows, come on fellows; we can't lose; we can't lose; only an hundred yards more; you're neck and neck; you've got to win. Ah,' he throws his hat up in the air. We win, we win, and know that the Yale shell had shot past the mark and the men had collapsed. He was silent again now and his eyes seemed fixed on something across the room but his mind was far away. "It was there I met the best girl in the world, kid. I met another—she was'nt good. Now I am a drunken lumber jack, you can guess the rest." He looked sadly down at the floor and murmured, "my dear old mother, it broke her heart." then he grew fierce again. I got him and I'll get that faro dealer." By now it had grown quite dark and he glared through a little window at the back of the store. "There he is! there he is!" he exclaimed, and grabbing a piece of lightning rod with a spear like end of steel he hurled it with all his strength towards the window. The rod struck the stone wall near the window and the point broke into a thousand pieces while about a foot of the rod mushroomed like a shot from a gun. He turned to me with a frothing mouth; his eyes glaring stonily at me, he was a picture of a fiend incarnate. "You see what I could do to you kid," he said. I took his word for it and took to my heels. As I passed through the door I heard the clerk calling up a cop. I ran for a block and I know I beat any record I had ever made on cinders. I

HOW THE LUMBERJACK BROKE THE FARO BANK

stopped then and looked around and found I was not being followed I walked home as fast as I could and found my roommate ready for bed. "What is the matter?" he said, "you look so pale." I said "Oh, nothing—just smoked a bum cigar and it made me sick." He retired and I sat down and wrote this.

A STRANGER.



History's Supreme Tragedy

Oration That Won the '04 Prize

Man has ever been doomed to disappointment! Such has been the fate of many of the world's greatest heroes. Such was the fate of him whom historians call the "man of destiny;" a man, small, slight, pale, insignificant in outward appearance—unknown to but few outside of his family, with no one to inspire him with a desire for greatness, or to help him attain it; a man without any of the attributes of success except his indomitable will and unbounded ambition, attributes which he confidently believed were given him for a definite purpose. Such was the man looking forth upon the world from a little island in the far away Mediterranean—demanding of the future that success of which his great powers gave him assurance.

A few years later and we see the same man, an unknown subaltern in the army of France, doing his work faithfully, eagerly waiting for an opportunity to assert his power. Suddenly the opportunity comes. The power of which he has so long been dreaming rises in reality before his vision. After having endured so many hardships, after having been bathed in the blood of many wars, he at last realizes the full measure of his youthful ambition. The unknown soldier becomes the head of the grandest empire known at this time in history, standing high above the kings of the earth, the most famous general of which the world has any record.

How huzzas of delight rang throughout the republic when this Corsican adventurer overthrew despotism in France and emblazoned on her chair of state the words, "liberty, fraternity and equality" and once seated on the throne of France he becomes a modern Caesar; and the necks of the people, his footstool! How huzzas again rang throughout the empire when that Corsican went in humiliation to Elba, in sight of the Italy he had wronged, and a hated Bourbon became the

god of the political idolatry of the French people. But another change took place. How huzzas again ran throughout the empire, when the exiled Corsican came suddenly from his island thrall and appeared to all Europe a terrible spectre heralding war and woe among the nations.

And yet his ambition is not satisfied. Is he withal selfish? Yes, with his ambition he is selfish; but with this selfishness there is at heart a deep and ardent interest in the upbuilding of France. He is desirous that he may achieve for France even more greatness if possible, and nothing to him is impossible. Embodying in himself the power, the greatness, and the success of the France in which he has created, he stands immovable, defying any power that may dare to oppose him. Victory after victory and seizure after seizure for kingdoms and principalities had made him king of kings; the disposer of crowns; the idol of the French people; and the terror and admiration of all Europe.

But Napoleon was doomed to disappointment. Mark the last change in his checkered career! Fate and fortune combined against him! At Waterloo he met his defeat, and the spectre which had terrified all Europe disappeared in the dim distant mist that shrouded a rocky island in the South Atlantic.

Seldom had so glorious a moon ever heralded so dark a night. Banished to St. Helena he was made to realize that fortune had turned against him. Alone as Messoneir represents him standing with his hands behind his back gazing out upon the sad and solemn ocean.

A leaden sky, a limitless storm swept ocean; in its midst a desolate wave beaten rock; far and wide no sail visible; in the foreground again this solitary man the prisoner of nature and his fellow men. A middle aged man now one who has seen his youthful ambitions realized as has no other man in history—one whose greatness has been without parallel—one to whom the kings of the earth once bent the knee in homage, one who was at one time the greatness of a great nation.

He gazes with longing eyes back toward the world of his ambitions and successes, realizing that never again will any measure of earthly success be his—realizing that never again will his eyes behold any of the wonders that he has accomplished, for his world is buried to him forever, realizing that the country to which he has given every thought, that he has cherished, has fought for and made great, now spurns and execrates his name, realizing too that the nations which he

has forced to contribute to the greatness of his empire now rejoice in his downfall and are aiding in the hopelessness of his future.

His keen mind now revolves in quick succession, his ambitions and vanished hopes, his achievements and downfall; he recalls his glorious past resplendent with the brightness of its many pleasures, now vanished forever. There remains to him only a succession of utterly useless days. He can still form plans but to form plans with no means of carrying them out is maddening folly. His active brain expends its energies in futile plans for an escape, the impossibility of which he fully realizes. Still the desire for liberty inherent in every man urges him on, and inspires him with renewed hope. But all in vain! Day after day passed; and for a long while even the poor solace of death was denied him.

Then on that sea-girt isle,
Far out in that lonely sea,
He watched the waves and the seagulls flight,
He watched the terrible storm-king's might,
He dreamed of Austerlitz and the Nile,
Of his serried columns file on file,
He won his victories all over again
And triumphed on many a bloodstained plain,
But his dreams were all in vain.

Finally, after many weary months on this lonely wind lashed island, without friends, with no one near to mourn him, unwept, unhonored, the "Great Napoleon" lay dead. It might have been said of him then, as was said of Caesar of old, "But yesterday he might have ruled the world, now lies he there and none so poor to do him reverence."



The Spectator

In this speculation we thought it might not be amiss to let our readers have a guess at our identity. All through the college year, students have vainly tried to determine whom we were. Whether the Spectator is a man or woman, an upper or lower classman was the bugbear at the college of Study Hard during the last year. They have asked our chief and he has only smiled, looked interested. So in this issue, dear readers, you may know that we graduate this year, but beyond this the mystery must remain. Of course there will be a Spectator next year; our successor is already selected just as were selected last year. For the past few months many students were under surveillance in order that we might find one who, as a spectator of mankind, would be competent to note their incongruities. To this end the new Spectator we will endeavor, so far as in his or her judgment it is proper, to present affairs as they are seen. And we sincerely trust—notwithstanding you will insist on guessing as wildly as ever—that you will give ear. For your attention during the last year we are very thankful. If we have been seemingly severe we beg your forgiveness, for it has been our purpose to record rather than judge.

Since taking up our pen last fall we have discussed a variety of subjects. This time, however, in casting about for a speculation we thought it well to discuss the merits of public speaking. This is not a haphazard selection. The subject was brought vividly to our notice only a short time ago. It came about this way. One evening we were asked to attend a meeting of the "Discusses" a literary society composed of young men. Now the meetings of this organization are always held behind closed doors, and it is only on rare occasions that they consented to have visitors present. So we felt rather honored in being asked to be present, especially a society which had a good reputation for extemporaneous speaking. So when we learned there would be several other lady and gentlemen visitors present that evening we consented to go.

While waiting for the meeting to come to order a member of the society was telling us the advantages to be gained from work in a literary society. He said: "It is just the place for a young man to get a good training for public service." "You see" he continued, "we meet here every week and discuss subjects which are of general interest. By this method members not only keep in touch with current

events, but also get some training in speaking." At this moment the meeting was called to order and further conversation was checked. After the usual order of business was gone through the president announced the new officers would be installed and a literary program rendered.

This was the point in the proceedings where we thought a speech would be made. Surely the new president would have something to say, because we were told he was one of the oldest members of the society. But we were doomed to disappointment. Aside from saying he was glad to see so much interest taken in the proceedings of the meeting, the president's inaugural speech was as extensive as the recitation of a small boy when he forgets it. The numbers on the program did not turn out much better. Many who had a part were either absent or unprepared. The few that did take part ought to have been excused on the same plea. So judging from what took place that evening the Discussers either had an off meeting or else they had a reputation which they did not deserve.

That evening after the meeting closed we could not help thinking what an opportunity these young men were losing in that society. If they would only agree on some plan of action and get down to work how much they might accomplish along the lines of public speaking. To us—merely onlookers—the good results are incalculable; in fact, in this day it would be a waste of time to dilate upon the advantages to be gained. And while it might pain us a little to say it, nevertheless it is not saying too much, when we mention that the tongue, which is the sword of the orator, equals or surpasses in effect—at least for the time being—the pen of the ablest writer. This is true because the accomplished orator—even a less effective speaker—is possessed of a mighty power. It is through eloquence that the understanding is enlightened, the imagination pleased, the passions stirred and the will influenced. He who can do all these certainly wields a mighty influence either for good or evil. Solomon said, "The wise in heart shall be called prudent but the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning."

It cannot be gainsaid that wherever self government is recognized there are gatherings of the people for the transaction of public business, and in these the ablest speaker will win the attention and arouse the sympathies of all who listen. And the man who is able to do this possesses that which is the surest means of gratifying an ambition that prompts most men to take part in the social and political life of their generation. Some one quotes Pericles as saying that, "a man

who form a judgment on any point, and cannot explain his views clearly to the people, might as well have never thought on the subject." To us, in this day and age, this assertion seems too absolute. But taking it as it stands it is quite evident that the value of a mental action is depreciated when we cannot use the result of it orally for the benefit of others.

On this point Cicero said, "I cannot conceive anything more excellent than to be able by language, to captivate the affections, to charm the understanding, and to impell or restrain the will of whole assemblies, at leisure. Among every free people, especially in peaceful, settled governments, this single art has always eminently flourished, and always exercised the greatest sway. ! ! ! Is there anything so commanding, so grand, as that the eloquence of one man should direct the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges and the majesty of senates? ! ! ! Can anything be so necessary as to keep those arms in readiness, with which you may defend yourself, attack the profligate, and redress your own or your country's wrongs?"

Yet notwithstanding the truth of these eloquent observations, notwithstanding the acknowledged fact that public speaking as a rule is the passport to profit, to high station and even to fame, it is true that as an art, it is neglected. Cannot it not be revived? you ask. We don't know; we would have to think it could not. It seems to us high time to revive it; and it is quite evident that the college is the place. Students through their own efforts can do much toward this end. Their college days is the time and their literary societies the place. It is just as important for the women to do this as the men. For the day is fast approaching when they also must exercise a greater influence for good.

But we would impress upon all students that they are not going to get this power by merely joining a literary society and waiting for it to come. They must work and work incessantly. They may have natural genius, but even this will—like any soil, when let alone—run to weeds. If it is to bear fruit it must be ploughed and tilled. Of course some men are better fitted than others to become orators. Likewise not all men are capable of making themselves good speakers. But it is our firm belief that all men who are deficient in intellect can learn by diligent practice to express their thoughts publicly in intelligible and intelligent language, and in a manner which is not painful either to themselves or to their audience. But they will have to keep in mind the words of Henry Ward Beecher who said, "No man

can preach well except out of an abundance of well wrought material." It has been said that some of his sermons seemed to start up suddenly, body and soul, but in fact they were the product of years of experience. We would suggest that all ambitious students place the following quotation from a well known poet, in some conspicuous place where it might be read a hundred times a day:

'The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.'

These are wise and true words, well worthy of our attention.

For to attain proficiency in any art one must labor and we will find, no matter what the occupation, that the man who is ready now has constantly worked hard to be ready, and his present state of confidence is the result of unwearied drill.

Before closing we would like to mention that Burke the greatest debator the world ever saw, said he was not swaddled and dandled, and rocked into a legislator. He himself said, "I had to struggle against opposition." Yet spurred on by ambition, and untiring in his zeal he reached the topmost round. And when he had attained it he did not boast of superior ability but of superior industry.

Another instance of indefatigable industry in acquiring the art of oratory is that of Benjamin Disraeli. His maiden speech in the House of Commons was deservedly cut short by a burst of laughter, and he ended with these words: "I will sit down now but the time will come when you will hear me." His prophecy, by dint of indefatigable toil, has been verified and he occupies a place among England's greatest orators. However, the greatest example of perseverance is that of Sheridan. In delivery and speech he was about the clumsiest man that ever attempted to address a legislative body, yet by excessive labor he attained an excellence rarely equalled. At the close of the speech in which he helped Burke place before the house the charges against Warren Hastings, debate was adjourned in order that the house might have time to recover their calmness and collect their reason. Lord Lytton described the scene thus:

"He who had known the failure, felt the sneer,
Smith burning brows in muttering, 'It is here?'
He now, one hour the acknowledged lord of all,

Hears Pitt adjourn the agitated hall,
That brain may cool, and heart forget to swell,
And dawn relax the enchanter's midnight spell.

History of oratory teems with other instances but the Spectator refrains from quoting further for all tend to the same end; that, "there is no excellence without labor." Those who have a lofty ambition to take part in public affairs can attain it only through speaking, and in some instances—only at a great outlay of effort. To the student just beginning his college career, the Spectator would emphasize the necessity of getting a training along such lines. It would be well for he or she to affiliate with a good literary society and take an active part in the programs. So many students become members of a literary society, but fail to do the work assigned them and consequently derive no benefit. We dare venture the statement that the members of the society we visited did not on an average appear on the program three times during the college year. The attendance that evening not only bore evidence of it, but their ill at ease manner when standing before their audience was conclusive. Self possession on the rostrum is not attained in one or two appearances. It is the result of persistent endeavor, even when acquired it cannot be depended upon for it may desert one at an unlooked for moment especially when an extemporaneous speech is attempted. One can appear before an audience in a recitation or song and succeed very well even when embarrassed, but the effort to stand on one's feet and think at the same time, requires considerable self possession. And the man or woman who would attain this must appear before audiences until it becomes a reflex action. He or she must get absolute control of himself other self, then they are in a position to control and sway their audience. Of course the Spectator does not wish to leave the impression that every one may, with training in a literary society, become an orator; far from it. Orators as well as artists and poets are not the product of a training school. But we do contend that every one can, with some effort, become accomplished speakers. We do not know of anything more humiliating than to see a college bred man or woman stand before an audience when unable to express their ideas. Our first impulse, when such a one is before us, is to slide out of our seat and hide so as to relieve the tension. It is those who have had the advantage of a college education whom we expect to be able to express themselves at any time and under any circumstances. To be able to do so brings them prestige and respect; if unable, contempt and a poor impression of their education.

EDITORIALS.

JOHN D. JONES.

May, the month of unparalleled activity in the University of Montana. May there be many more.

It was decided by the staff to hold this month's issue until after Interscholastic, hence the lateness of the present issue. We hope that the additional material will more than pay for the delay.

Since the last issue of the Kaimin some of our most important college events have taken place; none, however, more important than the annual debate with W. S. C. at Pullman on April 19th. The debate was fought upon clean, open lines; all skirmishings, was put aside and the main issues attacked by both sides. Montana still defended the income tax, but to no avail, for in spite of our best endeavors the home team won the day. We have no fault to find with the debators or the judges, but on the contrary the highest esteem for both. However we hope, and intend to do our best to turn the tables when we meet again next April at Missoula. Yes, we were defeated, but by a worthy foe and in a closely contested debate, as an account elsewhere will indicate.

Again victory has come to our athletic team. This time it is the track team that has captured additional laurels. The meet with W. S. C. on April 27 was a surprise to the most sanguine. Our rivals came here confident of winning with a handsome score. But how strange is fate, when we think we have we have not. Even the indomitable Lomley went down to defeat. From the very first race victory hovered over our banners, and at no time left us. The meet was not one-sided by any means, and up to the last race, the 220, neither side was winner, but with first and second in this the meet was secured. This meet taught us as well as our visitors a valuable lesson. You can't tell what a man can do until it comes to the test. The great surprise of the meet was Cary's phenomenal record in the sprints. This meet has done more for our athletics than any other event of the year. It

has placed us as no mean competitor for Northwest honors, and given us records that the high schools of the state will strive for years to emulate. Hurrah for track!

Two weeks later our track team more than repeated their records with the Montana Agricultural college and succeeded in winning every first except one, the shot put, from our rivals and came home with a magnificent score of 79 1-2. Who says that the University of Montana has no athletes? Our prospects for the future are exceedingly flattering as only two of our track men graduate this year. Keep up the good work.

We have been afforded a place in the Northwest track meet to be held in Seattle on June the 26th between the state universities. Why not go? We are reasonably sure of some points and stand a good chance to win a place.

In baseball our honors are balanced, one victory and one defeat. We won from the State School of Mines by a score of 5 to 3 on our home ground and lost by a score of 3 to 2 in Butte. These scores speak well of both teams. Both play excellent ball and are evenly enough matched to make an interesting game from every standpoint.

The Interscholastic is a thing of the past. The third and largest assemblage of teachers and scholars have come and departed. It can be truthfully said, that this has been the most successful meet ever held in the State of Montana. For four days the streets of Missoula resounded with the cheers of our visitors. The crowds on Thursday and Friday were the largest ever assembled upon the university grounds. Missoula and Gallatin won first honors in the declamatory field, and Anaconda in the athletic. No team has succeeded in winning twice in succession. This year Flathead, Great Falls and Fergus county teams made unusually good showing and doubtless will do even better next year. The victory is not always to the largest delegations, but to the swiftest, as Anaconda's victory proves. The best of feeling prevailed throughout and we sincerely trust that each delegation will be resolved to do even better next year.

One of the movements of no small importance evolving out of this years interscholastic was the formation of a High School Debating League. The state was divided into four divisions for semi finals, the finals to be held here in April of each year. This movement will do more to strengthen and encourage public speaking than anything, yet attempting, besides it will supply the university with skilled debaters. The credit of this movement is due chiefly to Prof. Snoddy, who is justly honored with the presidency of the League.

In the State Oratorical contest held here the last of April the university met with another defeat at the hands of the M. A. C. Miss Mountjoy by a vote of 3 to 2 won over Miss Hall. The decision was not a popular one, nearly every one present felt disappointed. However, since it is the judges' business to render decision and not ours, we cheerfully abide by the results and extend our warmest congratulations to Miss Mountjoy. To Miss Hall we also extend out sincerest congratulations for her splendid effort, and hope to see her in the field again.

Since the last issue the A. S. U. M. has been safely launched and measures for our spring elections are on foot. We believe, as we have repeatedly said, that this has been the most important step in student government that we have yet made, and feel confident that it will soon meet with the entire approbation of all. Let every one help to elect the best persons to office as upon them, depends largely success of the endeavor.

Commencement with all its pomp and glitter will soon be here. Soon the Seniors will be no more. They will join that innumerable host, which comprise life's army. The university which has carefully watched and trained will expect much of them. The State of Montana that has so magnificently appropriated means for their education for life's work will expect more, and rightly so. But the fond parents who have watched every change with a thrill, will expect more. As the Seniors step from "School life into life's school," the Kaimin extends to them its best wishes. May success crown their efforts in the wide world. May the term commencement be appropriate indeed—the commencement of life in earnest. May they be noble, true, honorable.

With this issue the present staff step out. Our duties, some of us, covering a period of three years, have been most pleasant. Discouragements at times has faced us it is true, yet the clouds were only transient and they were soon dispelled by bursts of sunshine. Our duties as editor has been most pleasant, we feel a deep debt of gratitude to those who have in any manner contributed toward our success. Especially, to the editors of the various departments our sincerest thanks are due. Neither are our contributors to be forgotten. They too deserve our sincerest thanks for their aid. To our advertisers, the Kaimin also wish to extend their warmest thanks; without their aid we could not have made our paper a success. And we hope that the splendid support which we have received will be extended to our successor.

If at any time during the present administration we have in any way justly merited the censure of any one or injured anyone thoughtlessly we take this occasion of most humbly asking their pardon, and beg to assure you that no harm was intended to anyone. Again thanking the staff for their faithful and efficient work, the contributors, subscribers and advertisers for their splendid support and wishing our successors in the journalistic career every success, we lay down our pens, and bid you all farewell.—The Kaimin.



ATHLETICS.

LAWRENCE E. GOODBOURN.

Three Victories and One Defeat

Since the last issue of the Kaimin appeared, the University of Montana athletes have scored two victories in track, and one victory and one defeat in baseball. Washington State College and Montana Agricultural college and Montana State School of Mines were our victims. The School of Mines defeated us in baseball.

The track meet with W. S. C. was by far the best meet ever held on Montana field and the fact that we won made it all the better. Moreover, because of the glowing reports which had floated in from the opponent's camp, our men and their rooters were by no means sure of a victory; but they broke the hoodoo which has been ever present in our athletic contests with the boys from Pullman, and now we hope that all contests may have an ending like the last one.

When Garlington and Wallace came in first and second in the mile, our hopes began to rise; when we got all three places in the broad jump we became confident; and when Cary won the 100 yard dash we were sure of victory.

Three records must have special mention, the pole vault, the 100 yard dash, and the 120 yard hurdles. Captain McPhail vaulted 11 feet 1 1-2 inches, which is an exceedingly good record for the Northwest, while Cary ran the hundred yards in 10 seconds, and the high hurdles in 16 1-2 seconds, both fine time; 16 1-2 seconds equals the Northwest record.

The individual winners from Montana were: Cary, 20 points; McPhail, 13 points; Garlington, 8 points; Adams, 6; Wallace, 3; Toole, 3; Coffee, 3; Greenough, 3; Farrell, 1; Smith, 1; Harnois, 1.

The events and winners were as follows:

100 yard dash—Cary U. of M., first; Cole, W S C, second; Farrell U of M, third; time 23 seconds.

440 yard dash—Adams, U of M, first; Maloney, W S C, second; Thomle, W S C, third; time 54 seconds.

880 yard run—Maloney, W S C, first; Garlington, U of M, second; Coates, W S C, third; time 2 minutes, 11 seconds.

One mile—Garlington, U of M, first; Wallace, U of M, second; Coates, W S C, third; time 4:49.

120 yard hurdles—Cary, U of M, first; Hammer, W S C, second; Hanois, U of M, third; time 16 1-2 seconds.

220 yard hurdles—Cary, U of M, first; McPhail, U of M, second; Coe, W S C, third; time 27.

Pole vault—McPhail, U of M, first; Cowgill, W S C, second; Smith, U of M, third; height, 11 feet 1 1-2 inches.

High jump—W S C first; Toole, U of M second; Hammer, W, S, C, third; height 5 feet 6 1-2 in.

Hammer throw—Thayer, W S C, first; Preston, W S C, second; Thomle, W S C, third;

Shot put—Preston, W S C, first; Greenough, U of M, second; Thayer, W S C, third; distance 37 feet 5 inches. Washington State college won the relay.

—Montana 79 1-2—Montana Agricultural College 32 1 2.

The meet at Bozeman was a walkaway for the University, the Aggies getting only one first. Our boys showed the effect of so much harder training and superior coaching. In only one event was the record better than in the W. S. C. meet, Greenough running the quarter in 51 3-5 seconds, according to the Bozeman timers. The university stars were Captain McPhail, Cary and Greenough, while Henderson did the best for the Agricultural college.

100 yard dash—Cary, U of M; Henderson, M A C, second; Farrell, U of M, third; time 10 1-5.

220 yard dash—Cary, Henderson, Farrell; time 22 3 5.

440 yard dash—Greenough, U of M; Henderson, M A C; Allard, M A C; time 51 3-5.

880 yard dash—Greenough, U of M; Garlington, U of M; Flager, M A C; time 2 minutes 9 1-2 seconds.

Mile run—Garlington and Wallace, U of M, tie for first; Bromley, M A C, third; time 5:03.

120 yard hurdles—Cary, U of M, McPhail, U of M; Griffith, M A C; time 17 1 5 sec

220 yard hurdles—McPhail U of M; Cary U of M; Allard A C; time 28 seconds.

Pole vault—McPhail, U of M; Dion., U of M; Hanson, M A C; height 10 feet.

Broad jump—McPhail, U of M; Coffee, U of M; distance 18 feet 9 1-2 inches.

High jump—Toole, U of M; Kirscher, M A C; McPhail and Wallace, U of M, and Hartman, M A C, tied for third place; height 5 feet 3 inches.

Hammer throw—Greenough, U of M; distance 105 feet 6 inches.

Shot put—Greenough, U of M; distance 32 feet 8 inches.

The track team this year is by far the best that has ever represented the university. It was thought six or seven men would be sent to Seattle to compete with the representatives from state universities of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, but as the management at Seattle would not assure us of any financial support the men will not go. We feel very confident that our heroes would have brought back some laurels and much regret that they will not be given the opportunity to do so. At some future time we must break into fast company and there is no better time than now. Our victories and records this season have proved our ability and though we might not win first honors in our initial appearance we believe we could make at least a creditable showing.

Montana 5—School of Mines 3

On Montana field May 5, a game of baseball was played between the University and School of Mines team from Butte. We were victorious by the good score of 5 to 3. The best feature of the game was the pitching of Corbin who had the miners at his mercy. The line up was as follows:

U. of M.—Cary, catcher; Corbin, pitcher; Goodbourn, first base; Fisher, second; Smith, third; Johnson, shortstop; Wenger, left field; Mills, center; Bonner, right.

Montana State School of Mines—L Kane, catcher; McLaughlin, pitcher; ; Lowry, first base; Kane, second; Young third; Evans, shortstop; Weigenstein, left field; Sengbrush, center; Patton, right.

School of Mines 3—Montana 2

A return game was played in Butte on Arbor day and this time the score was changed. Inability to hit McLaughlin combined with poor base running was the cause of our downfall. The features of the game were the pitching of Corbin and McLaughlin and a one handed stop by Johnson of Montana.

The lineup was the same as in the game played at Missoula.

Interscholastic

The great interscholastic track meet of 1906 is a thing of the past. It was the best ever. Good weather, fine crowds, close finishes and good record made it a great success. Several records were broken hammer throw, pole vault, low hurdles, 220 yard dash, 50 yard dash. Anaconda won with 33 points, Butte was second with 27 Missoula third with 22 2-3. Kalispell fourth with 16. The other point winners were Fergus county 12; Great Falls 6; Teton 6; Gallatin 11-3 and Granite county 1. Kalispell won the relay in record breaking time of 1:41. Horn of Anaconda was again the individual star, winning twenty-one points for Anaconda.

Events, winners and records were as follows:

50 yard dash—Davis, Flathead county, first; Horn, Anaconda second; Belden, Fergus county third; time 5 1-2 seconds.

100 yard dash—Horn, Anaconda first; Conrad, Missoula, second; Belden, Fergus, third; time 10 4-5 sec.

220 yard dash—Belden, Fergus, first; Horn, Anaconda, second; Daily, Great Falls, third; time 23 3 5 sec.

440 yard dash—Horn, Anaconda, first; Chamberlain, Butte, second; Williams, Great Falls, third; time 57 sec.

880 yard dash—Briggs, Fergus county, first; Williams, Great Falls, second; Schoonover, Granite county, third; time 2:14.

Mile run—Crowley, Butte, first; Hamilton, Anaconda, second; Tait, Butte, third; time 5 minutes 1 5 seconds.

Two mile run—Crowley, Butte, first; Hamilton, Anaconda, second; Tait, Butte, third; time 11:15.

120 yard hurdles—Dinsmore, Missoula, first; Pratt, Butte, second; Vogel, Great Falls, third; time 17 4-5 sec.

220 yard hurdles—Calbrick, Flathead county, first; Dinsmore, Missoula, second; Reid, Anaconda, third; time 26-45 sec.

Broad jump—Horn, Anaconda, first; Dorman, Missoula, second; Denny, Flathead county, third; distance 19 feet 5 in.

High jump—Reid, Anaconda, first; Dorman and Dinsmore, Missoula, and Wilson, Gallatin county, tied for second place.

Height 5 feet 2 inches.

Hammer throw—Grandpre, Butte, first; Dorman, Missoula, second; Ryan, Teton county, third; distance 136.1 feet

Shot put—Ryan, Teton county, first; Duffy, Missoula, second; Sheriff, Helena, third; distance 36 feet.

Societies of the University

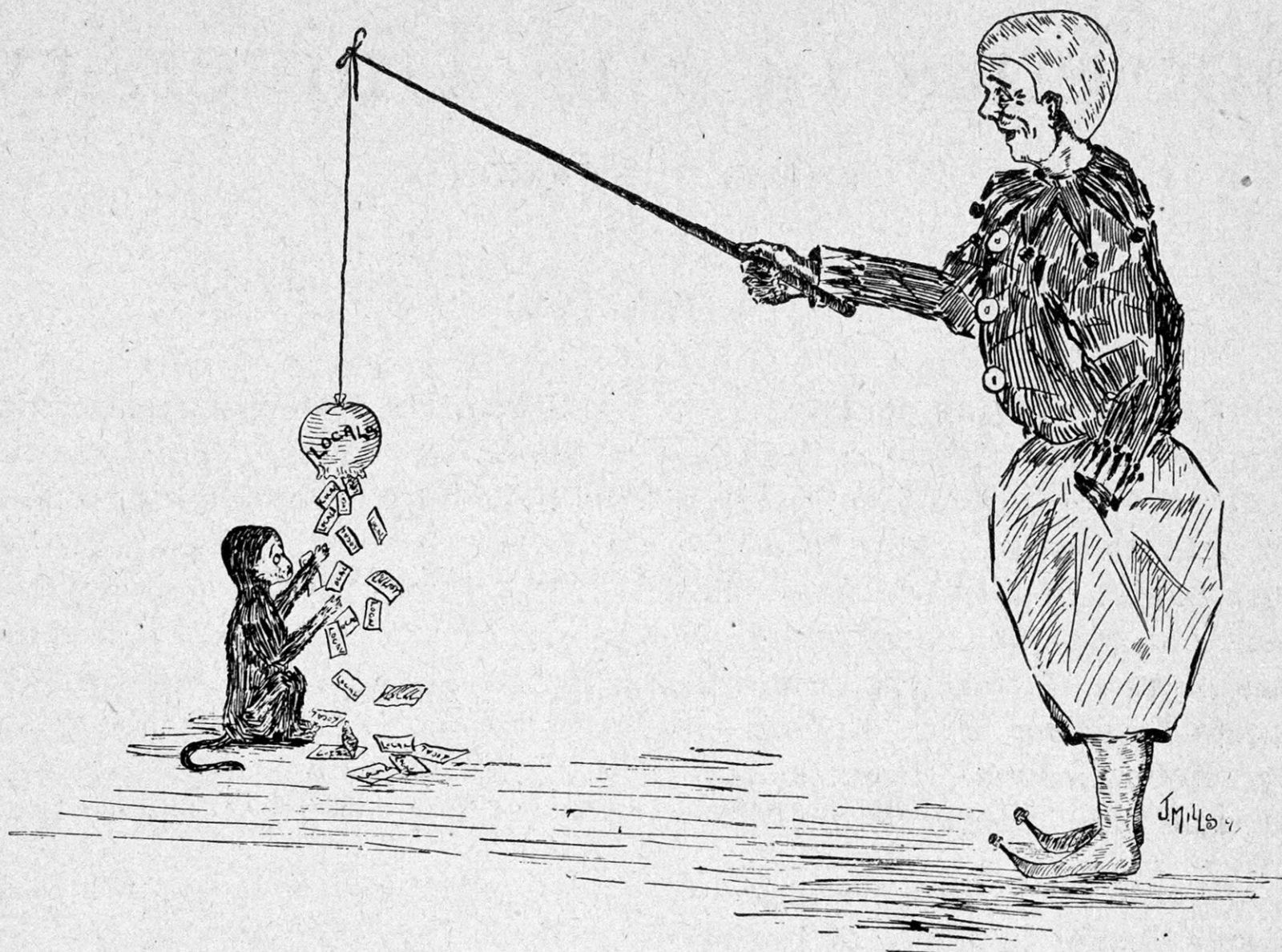
RALPH E. HARMON.

Sigma Nu

On the evening of April 27th the Sigma Nu fraternity entertained a few of its friends at the chapter house at whist. This was the most novel of any of the "stunts" the boys have been giving during the year as well as being the first large entertainment to be given at the Chapter house. Among the other novelties that deserve special mention, were the score cards, each one of which contained a miniature picture of the Frat boys. Among the young ladies present were Misses Feighner, Fox, Ronan, Goddard, Hatheway, Willis, Montgomery, McCall, Jones, Hamilk, Averill, Hall, Hardenburgh, Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Judge Evans.

Again on Friday evening, May 19, a banquet was given at the Chapter house in honor of the visiting Sigma Nu's at the Interscholastic meet and a few of the visiting high school athletes. Covers were laid for twenty-four and the evening was pleasantly spent in speaking and feasting. Later on in the evening the boys gave an informal dance and reception at the Elks hall in honor of the university, students, and all of the visiting high school pupils, during which all became better acquainted and had a good time; this is to be one of the annual events of the interscholastic hereafter and will be looked forward to with pleasure by all who attended.

This concludes the series of entertainments given by the Sigma Nu fraternity for the year, but next year the Sigma Nu's will be out in full force; the chapter house this year has been rather small but next year the Frat is to have a large house so that much more may be expected in the line of "at homes."



MONTANA BUSWELL AND JAMES H. MILLS, EDITORS

What kind of meat was served at the "Dorm" to the High School boys?

Why Interscholastic meet, of course.

The base ball team had a good time at the Butte boys hands.

Prof. Sibley went up the Bitter Root May 20th for a few days.

It is rumored that the postoffice did a rushing business on colored postals while the baseball boys were in Butte.

Mrs Scheuch--Hello, is this the Frat house?

Charlie Cotter--Yes, is this you, Cora?

Lost---A Delta Sigma pin by Fay Murray. Any one knowing the young man who has it please keep it dark.

John D. Jones, editor in chief of the Kaimin served a few days in Deer Lodge during the last month.

Leo, what did you run the mile in today?

• Four inches of mud and two of water.

Will Sparks let a woodtick bite him for humanity's sake.

Senior girls and boys are looking with sad eyes nowadays at old familiar places.

The Engineers' feed for the visitors was a great success.

Nellie Whitaker has chosen to make a life study of the knee caps of Indians.

It is funny that Leo and Stella have both had colds at the same time.

The track team of the Varsity taught Bozeman how to run, etc., in the meet.

Dr. Craig went to the eastern part of the state recently to make an address to the graduating class of one of the high schools.

The high school boy—We'll certainly come again.

Miss Fillmore of Oakland, California, is making a visit to Prof. and Mrs. Sibley.

Arthur Steward visited the Varsity lately.

The latest sandwich—Butter, mucilage and bread.

A delightful smoker was given to about seventy-five of the visiting high school boys at the Eta Phi Mu house May 18. Most of them were there last year too and all voted a royal good time.

A telegraph pole fell into the Junior "punch," but after it was washed a little it was fine.

The '07 annual will soon be out. Be sure and get them when they first come out if you haven't ordered one before as there is a limited number printed.

Fay Murray visited in Hamilton last week.

Miss Corbin—What rhymes with month.

Carrie—Why oneth of courth.

Prof. Rowe left for Nebraska the first of May where he is to study for Doctor's degree.

Misses Knowles, Reiley, Kelllogg, Carter, Buckhouse and Corbin entertained the Seniors and the Faculty at the home of Miss Knowles May 26th. Delightful refreshments were served in the shape of brick ice cream in class colors, and coffee and cake. Every one enjoyed it to the full limit.

Are you going to Seattle?

Roy—Why? Is she here?

Advice from Seniors to other students—

Leo—Be sure and get your solid geometry made up before the last day of school.

Fred Buck—Work from morning till night whether you do anything or not and make a hit with the professors.

Buckhouse—Always be at school on time

Ruth—Go with some boy who studies well.

Del—Go with some girl who studies well.

Maud B—When you get through with ponies turn them out on the range and let somebody rebrand them.

John Jones—Never let yourself be "meyered" in your work.

Maud Johnson—Always be silent. Don't let the profs know what you do not know.

Roy—"Vaulting Ambition" is the only graft.

Claude—Be an assistant. It's a cinch to graduate then.

Floyd—Try and be foxy in classes and look wise

Ona—Take your thesis under a professor who is going to flunk you. He will give you a good grade.

Fay—Study hard and leave parties and dances alone.

Miss Flynn—Live a long ways from the Varsity. You will have an excuse for tardiness and absence.

Gil Heyfron—Make both ends "meat" in studying.

Alma—Be "Johnny" wise.

Josie—Never Rob any of their credits.

Margaret—Study during the "summer's" time.

Debora—Study till you are thin and worn like I am.

Florence Johnson—Always “Sigh” for “More” work.

Mary Evans—Talk in class so much that the professors have no chance to “quizz” you.

Corbin—Always be asleep when you are asked anything. But don’t snore out loud.

“Everyone”—“Eat out of the teachers hands, make them think you idolize them, toady to them, tell them you are “breaking down” and if all this does not move them to tears and pity, bid high at an auction of ponies and get a good substantial one which will carry you through a whooping. This last method never fails except under Miss Reiley.

Roy gave a picture of himself to Ruth. Next day he offered Del one, but Del said, “Gee, kid, we dont’ want two of the same kind in the family.”

A few regrets—

Summers—That I did not start in vocal music course sooner.

Evans—That I did not learn to enjoy dances.

Ward—That I exhausted the list of high arts.

Grush—The day that elected me alderman of the first ward.

Hardenburgh—That I ever became acquainted in the Dorm.

Greenough—That I did not foreclose my mortgage on Grush’s geometry problems.

Johnson—That I did not talk more.

Corbin—That I could not play ball day and night.

Queered, Queered, Queered,

With all my “profs” once more.

I flunked again on those dained exams

But gee! I am glad that they are o’er.

A very unfortunate thing happened at the “meet” for which all students are extremely sorry. A number of “comps” were given out to titled persons, but “General Admission” was charged 50 cents at the gate when he came in.

Why has Professor Aber given up digging dandelions?

Winnie Feighner has left the Varsity to attend a convention at the Normal school.

Chas. Lillich—What is the symbol for wool?

Ralph—Look it up in Remthen.

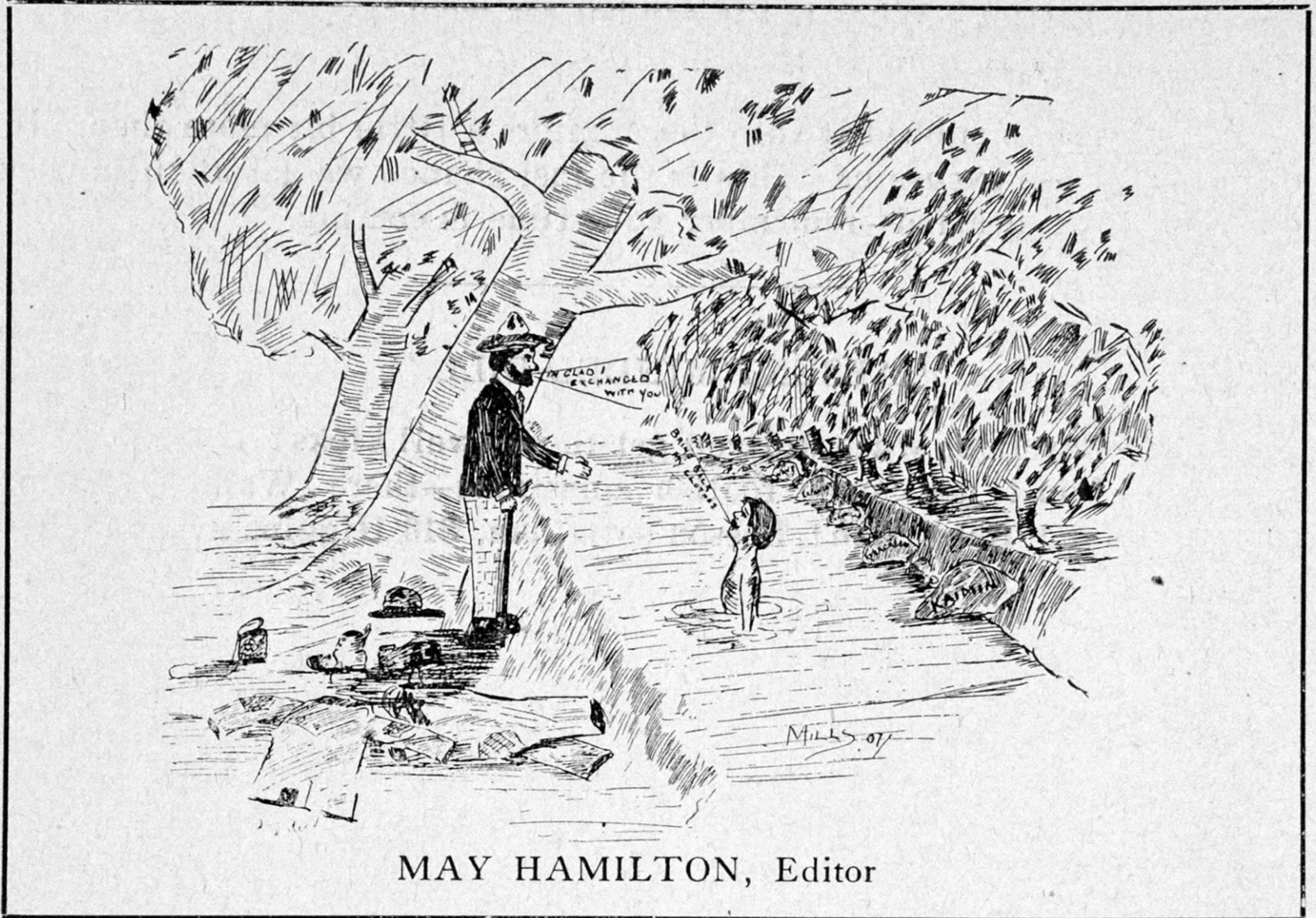
If we have rubbed it into the Seniors a little bit more than any one else, please excuse us. This is the last chance we get at them, but don't be down hearted—remember your time is coming.

“ABSENT MINDED BILL.”

Bill—Say Bob, whee did you get those swell kicks?

Bob—Don't ask such foolish questions—there Walk Overs of course. Rah! Rah! Rah! Beeson sells 'em, 316 Higgins avenue.





Nearly every college magazine publishes stories, but not every one publishes stories worth reading. Too many contain the short story with the clever ending. Just because, now and then a good writer has chosen to give a very unexpected conclusion to his story, and has succeeded in doing it really well, many amateur writers have come to the conclusion that the only really interesting way to conclude, is to say, "It was all a dream." All those ghastly sounds came from the dog's swinging the gate, etc., until it is actually unsafe to read a story without first looking at the end, just as often we must look at the end of an exciting incident as related in the newspaper, to see what is being advertised thereby.

Then there is the commonplace love story, with the mere outline of the meeting, the obstacles to be overcome, and the happy conclusion; and there is the mock-heroine tale, which, if poorly done, is probably the most dismal failure of all.

Without making any insinuations as to the relative merits of the story writing in our various exchanges, and most emphatically not intending to be understood as presenting typical work from any magazine

the editor wishes to call attention to some stories selected at random from our exchanges.

In the University of Utah Chronicle for April is a little story called "The Mystery," which, because of the common plateness and the nothingness of the explanation for the mystery, is absolutely foolish. The author has written well, much better than these are usually written, but anyone who could write a story like this, could write a really good one. The reason for such a production as this, is that there is a demand for them—"they are so cute," is the popular comment.

In the Shurtliff College Review, appears "The Yorkes Case," which cannot be condemned for its brevity nor for a silly explanation at its close, but nevertheless there is somewhat to be said against it. The plot is too common. The young man meets the girl, whose fortune is in his hands, he has a great struggle between duty and love, and then love wins also. The fundamental idea is sound, the exaltation of duty wholesome, but the chance meeting and the easy winning of love are not natural, and the shallowness of these happenings are not in harmony with the serious tone of the plot. The trouble is, people are afraid to write seriously for their college papers. They look upon the college magazine as a "big joke" and write accordingly. They forget that every inferior thought that is put into a published story, lowers the average of good literature produced in their country. If the college paper does not help to present and impress the realities of life, it is not a help to the college, and if it is not a help to the college, if it does not really make college life of more value, then it might as well be done away.

Not that stories ought always to be serious, but if the plot is serious, let it be seriously handled. If a really clever story in the lighter vein can be written, so much the better. Artistic work along any line is valuable.

"The Blackbird Club" in the Texas magazine, is an example of the latter kind of story. It deals with the much used plot in an original way. It has its faults, but it is much above the average. "The Beast Killer" in the same paper, is hardly as good. It has some of the faults already spoken of. While not so bad as the "Mystery," yet we know from the start just what the outcome will be, there is no real suspense. It has, however, some very good character touches.

It is virtually impossible to find a new plot; but to treat an old one in a new way is to produce an original work." "The Color of

the Flame'' in the May Harvard Monthly does this. There is passion in this story, the truth of human life and the oft met sorrows which are so near to joys. There may be a little too much unnatural happen-so in it, but it seems not to spoil the genuine merit of the story.

The story of the friendship of one man for another in the Tector of Horace in the April number of the same magazine is exceptionally strong. There are some exquisite touches in it. There is a minor chord struck in the portrayal of the character of the girl, but the author does not infer anything of the general type, and has very well portrayed this particular type.

The art of story writing is one worth cultivating, and college students can, if they will, help to raise the present low standard as to what constitutes the literary short story.

The Easter number of the Helena High School ''Nugget'' reminds us forcibly of the '06 Sentinel:

''How thankful I am my work is done!''

The joyous editor cries.,

''Every one knows my work is dun,''

The business manager sighs.—Ex.

We know you are too busy this month to read any ''ads'' and we are too busy to write them.—''Simons.''

